

CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND SUB MARINER

ALL

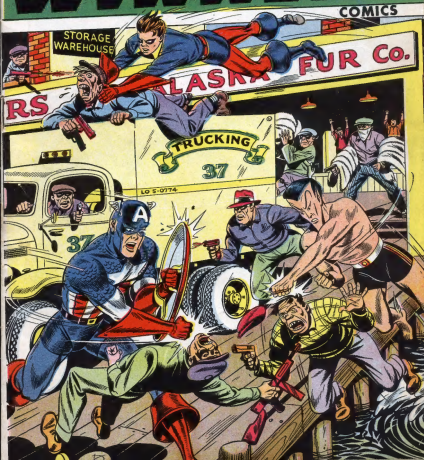
NO.
16

SUMMER
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WINNERS

COMICS





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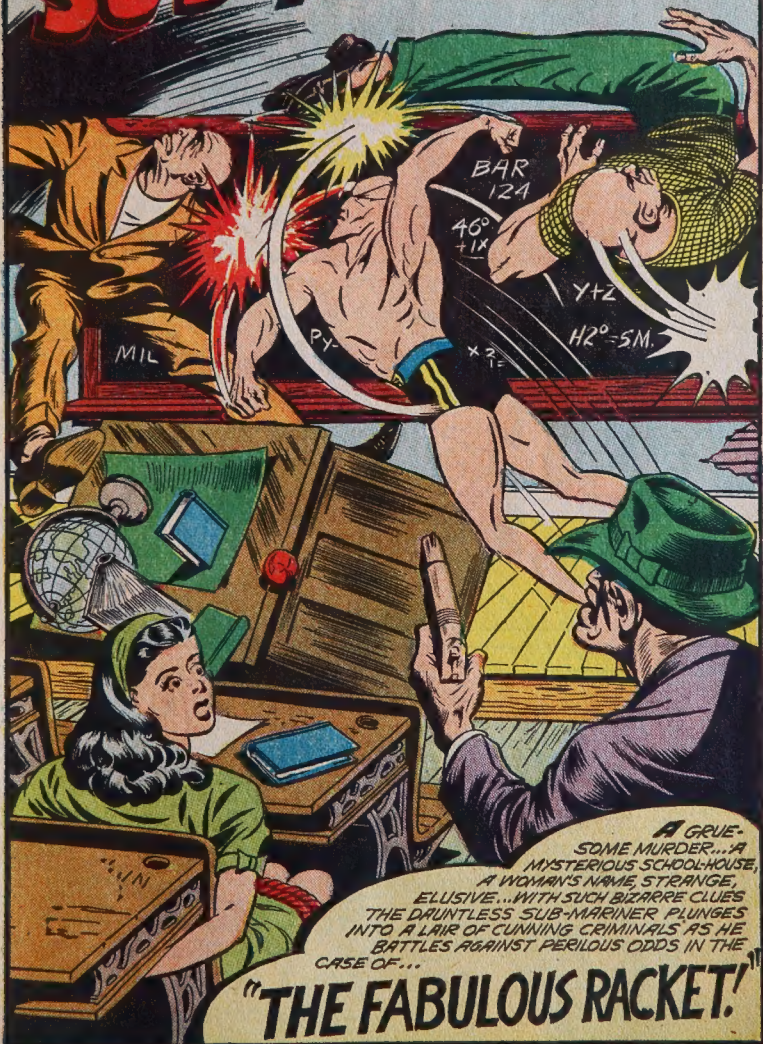
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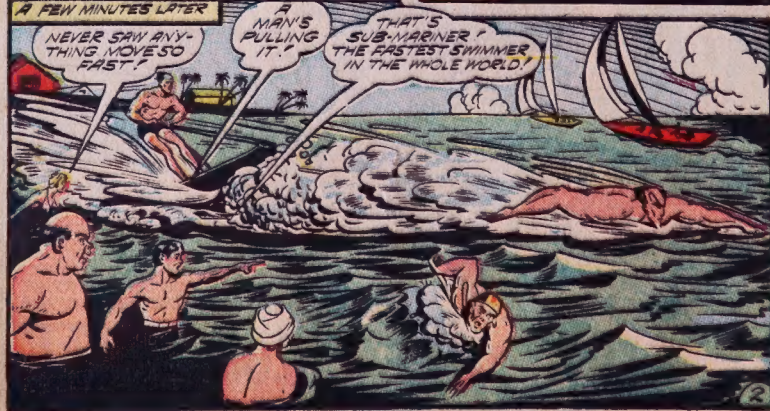
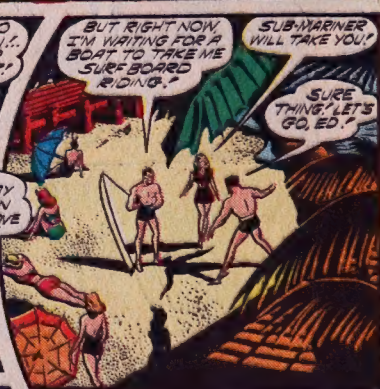
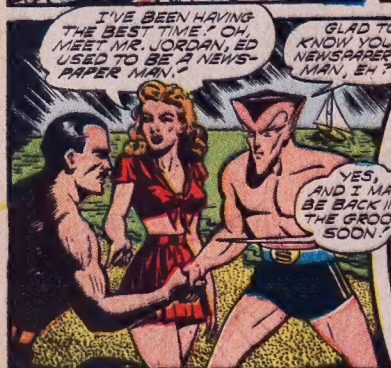
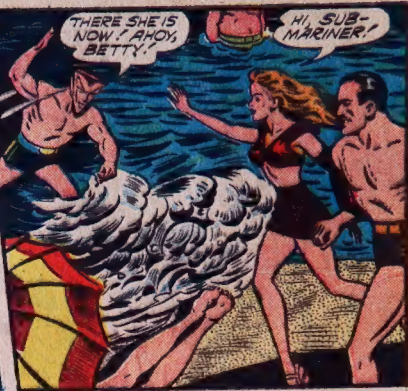
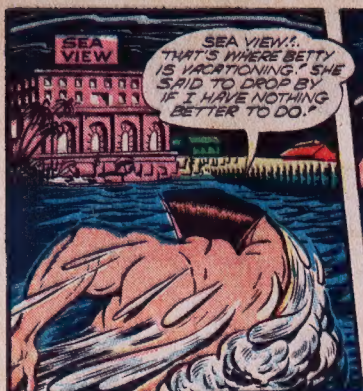
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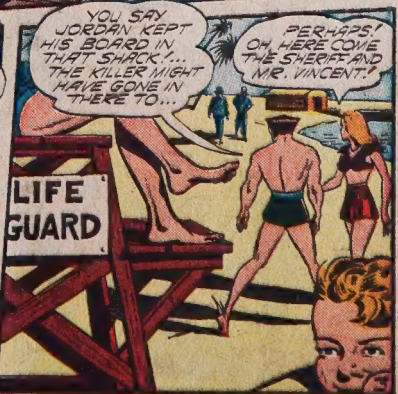
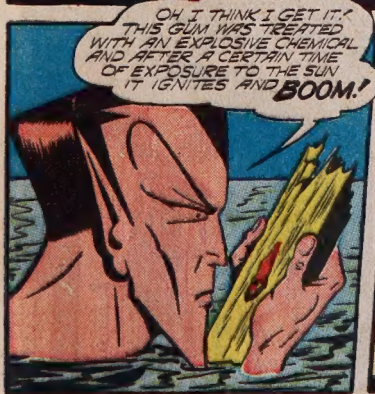
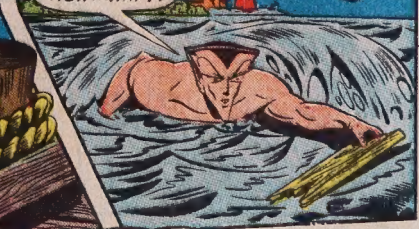
SUB-MARINER

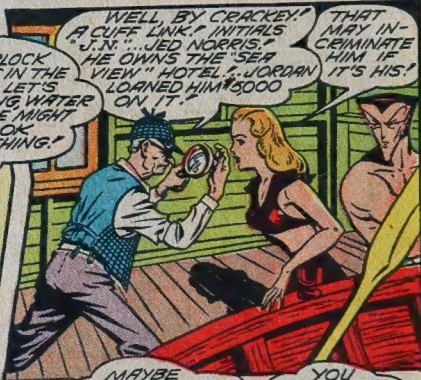
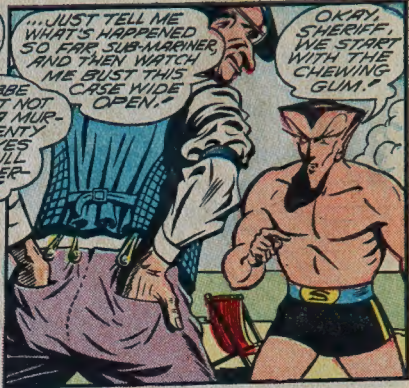


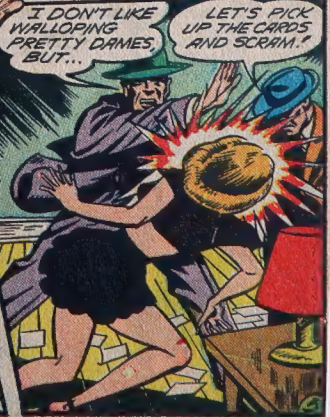
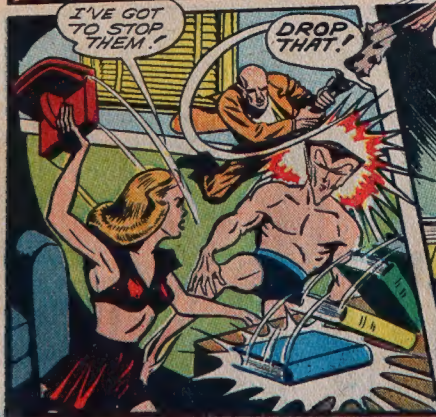
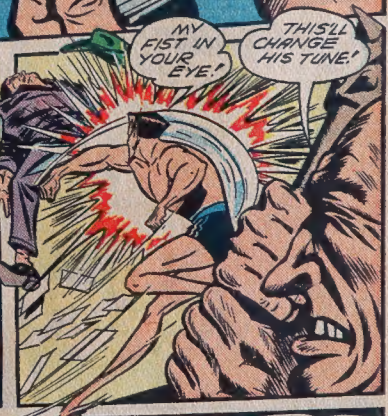
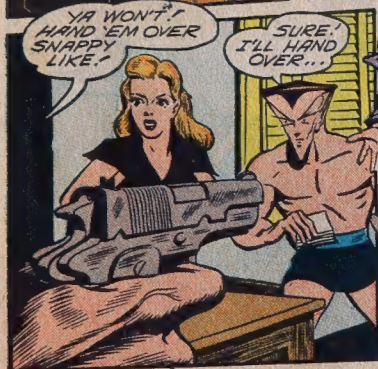
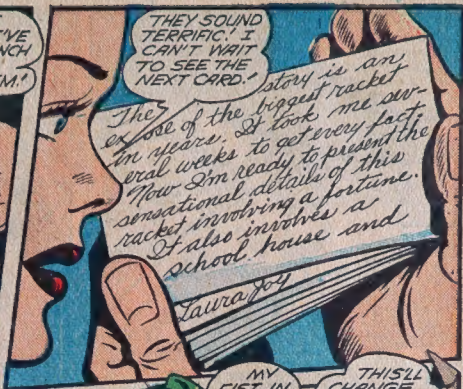
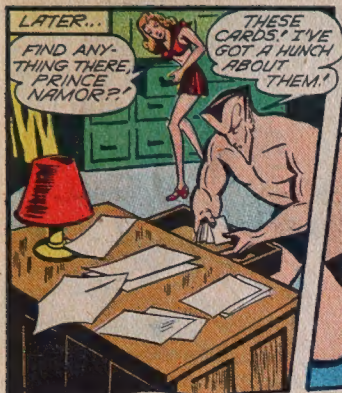
A GRUE-
SOME MURDER...A
MYSTERIOUS SCHOOLHOUSE,
A WOMAN'S NAME, STRANGE,
ELUSIVE...WITH SUCH BIZARRE CLUES
THE DAUNTLESS SUB-MARINER PLUNGES
INTO A LAIR OF CUNNING CRIMINALS AS HE
BATTLES AGAINST PERILOUS ODDS IN THE
CASE OF...

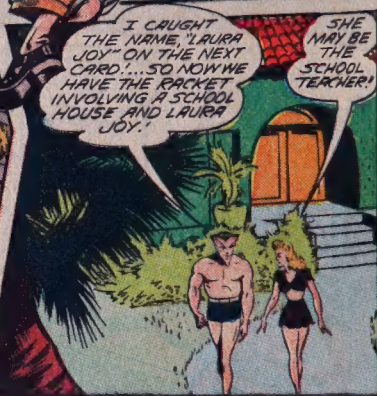
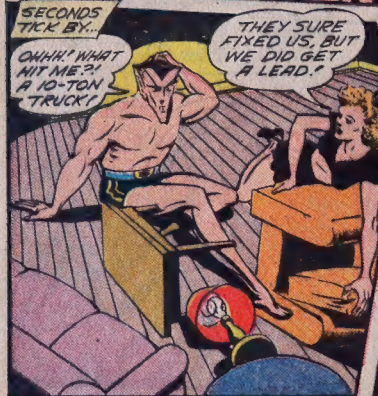
"THE FABULOUS RACKET!"

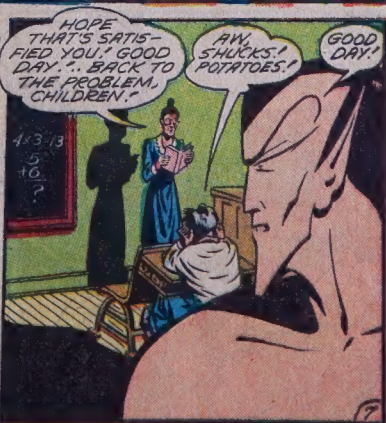
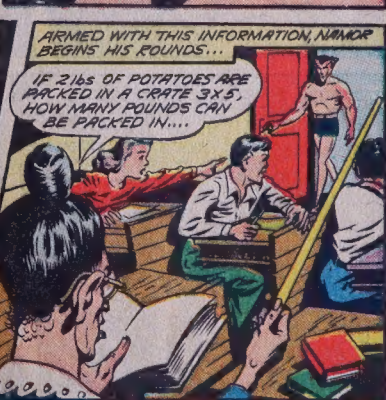
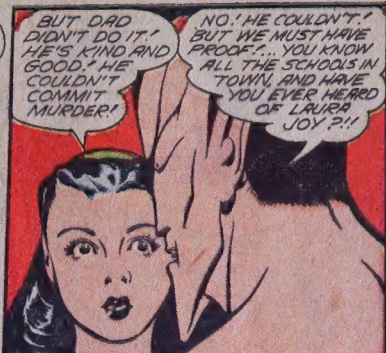
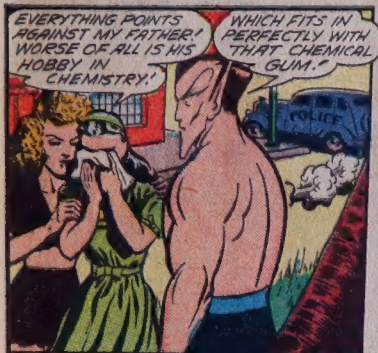












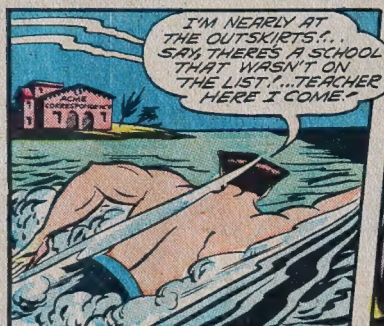
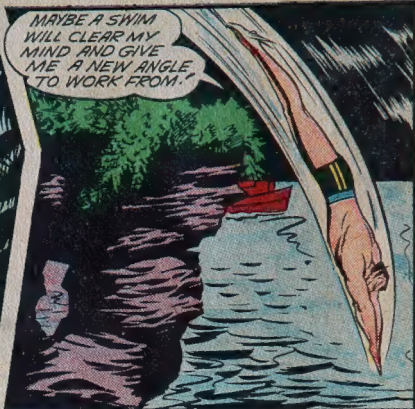
VISIT AFTER VISIT AVAILS NOTHING...

LUCY MCGEE, WHAT MAGNETIC FORCE CONDUCTS SOUND?!

FRANK SINATRA! (SWOON)



MAYBE A SWIM WILL CLEAR MY MIND AND GIVE ME A NEW ANGLE TO WORK FROM.



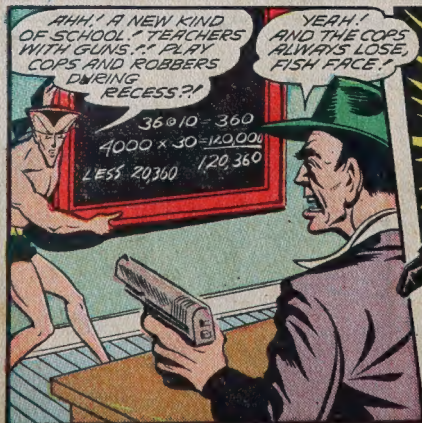
I'M NEARLY AT THE OUTSKIRTS!... SAY, THERE'S A SCHOOL THAT WASN'T ON THE LIST!...TEACHER HERE I COME!



INSIDE..

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS! DEAR OLD GOLDEN RULE DAYS! GOLDEN RULE IS RIGHT! WHAT A CLEAN-UP!

WHO'S RAPPING AT MY DOOR?!



AHH! A NEW KIND OF SCHOOL! TEACHERS WITH GUNS! PLAY COPS AND ROBBERS DURING RECESS?!

YEAH! AND THE COPS ALWAYS LOSE, FISH FACE!

36010 - 360
4000 x 30 = 120,000
LESS 20360 120,360



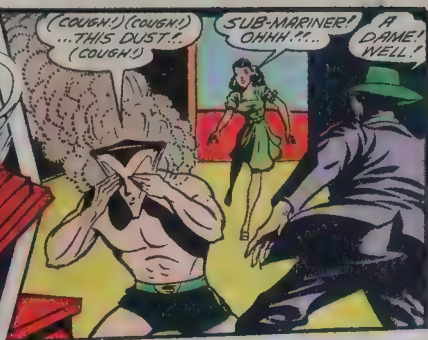
THIS IS ONE TIME THEY WON'T! HERE'S A LESSON FOR YOUR BLACK BOARD!

BUT ANOTHER THUG ENTERS AND...



(COUGH!) (COUGH!)
...THIS DUST...
(COUGH!)

SUB-MARINER!
OH!!...
A DAME!
WELL!



MAKE
ONE MOVE
AND SHE
DIES!

GO AHEAD,
SUB-MARINER BUT
SAVE MY
FATHER!

NO!!
I....



HAVE A
CAST IRON
WORLD OF STARS,
YA WATER
DEMON!



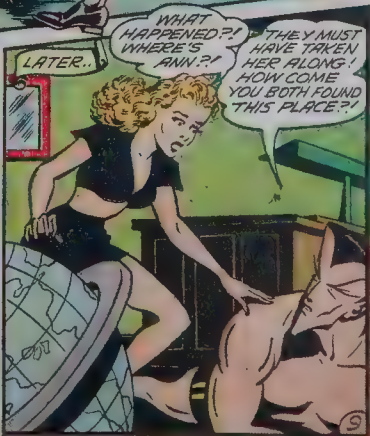
HE'S OUT!
GRAB THE MAIL AND
LET'S SCRAM FOR
GOOD!

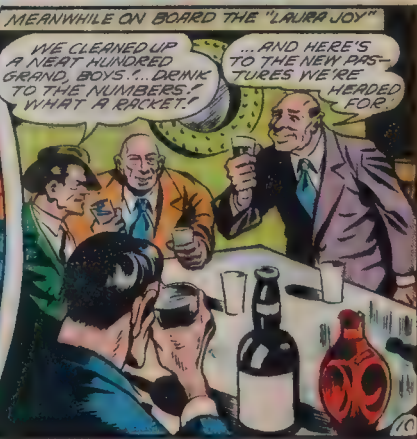
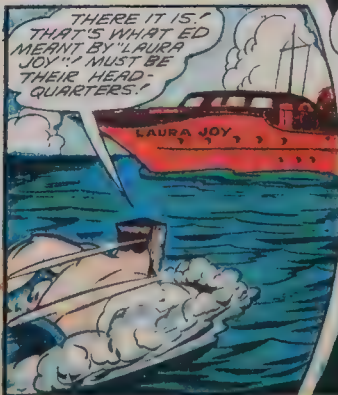
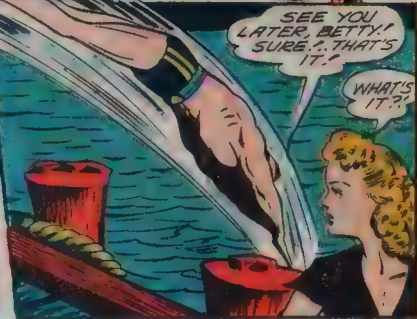
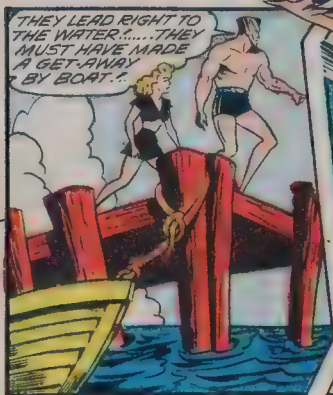
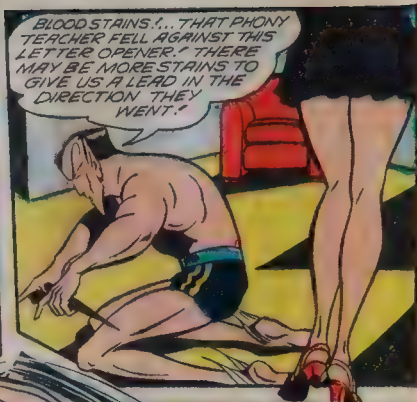


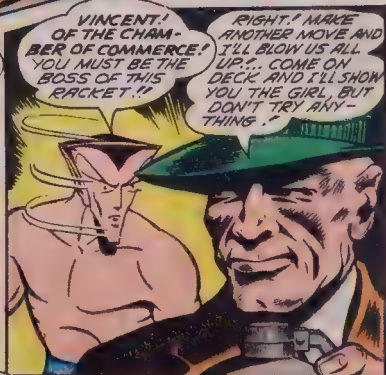
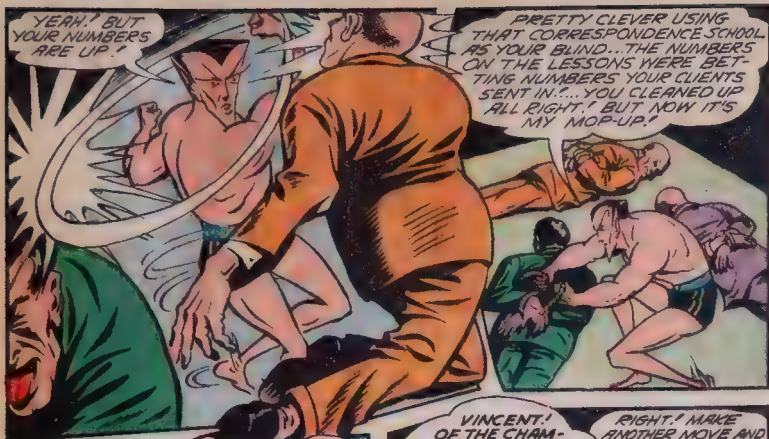
LATER..

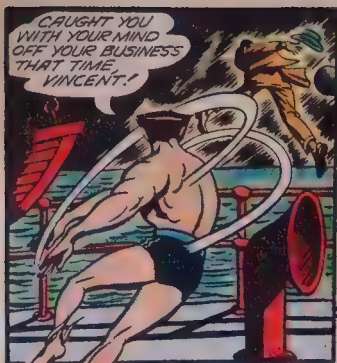
WHAT
HAPPENED?!
WHERE'S
ANN?!

THEY MUST
HAVE TAKEN
HER ALONG!
HOW COME
YOU BOTH FOUND
THIS PLACE?!

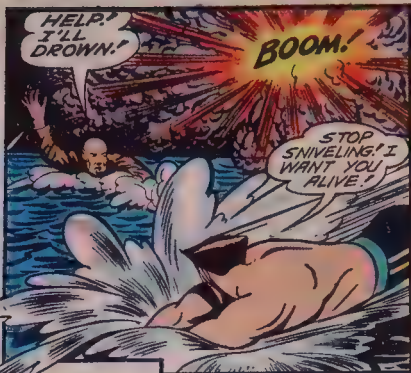








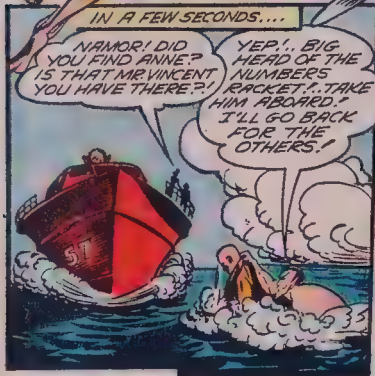
CAUGHT YOU
WITH YOUR MIND
OFF YOUR BUSINESS
THAT TIME
VINCENT!



HELP!
I'LL
DROWN!

BOOM!

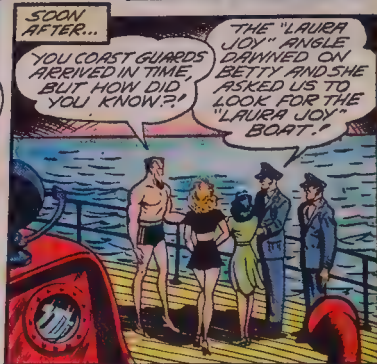
STOP
SNIVELING! I
WANT YOU
ALIVE!



IN A FEW SECONDS...

NAMOR! DID
YOU FIND ANNE?
IS THAT MR VINCENT
YOU HAVE THERE?!

YEP!.. BIG
HEAD OF THE
NUMBERS
RACKET!.. TAKE
HIM ABOARD!
I'LL GO BACK
FOR THE
OTHERS!



SOON
AFTER...

YOU COAST GUARDS
ARRIVED IN TIME,
BUT HOW DID
YOU KNOW?!

THE "LAURA
JOY" ANGLE
DAWNED ON
BETTY AND SHE
ASKED US TO
LOOK FOR THE
"LAURA JOY"
BOAT.

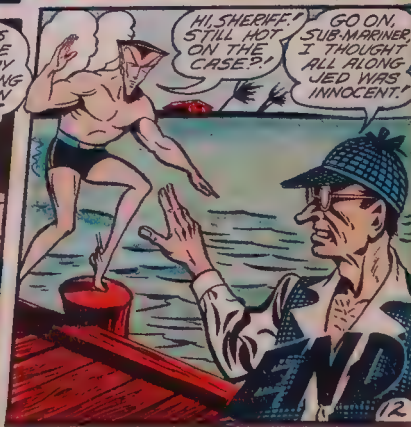


AND LATER...

I CAN'T THANK
YOU TWO ENOUGH!
WOULDN'T YOU BE
OUR GUESTS
FOR A
VACATION?!

WE'D
LOVE
TO
HAVE
YOU!

THAT'S
VERY NICE
BUT ALL MY
VACATIONING
IS DONE IN
THE SEA!



HI, SHERIFF!
STILL HOT
ON THE
CASE?!

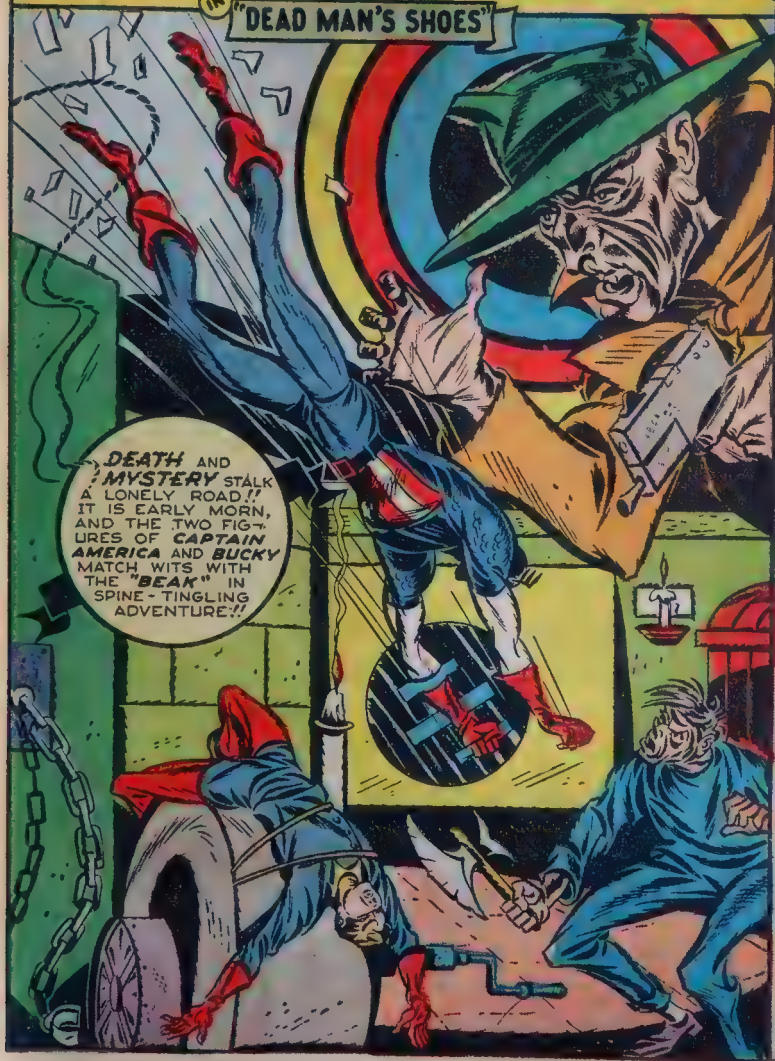
GO ON,
SUB-MARINER,
I THOUGHT
ALL ALONG
JED WAS
INNOCENT!

END

CAPTAIN AMERICA

IN "DEAD MAN'S SHOES"

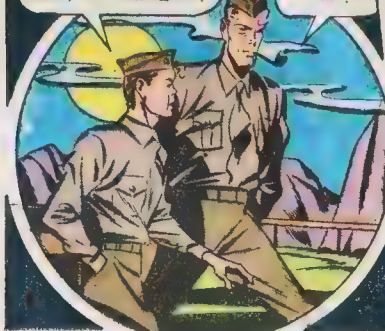
DEATH AND MYSTERY STALK A LONELY ROAD!! IT IS EARLY MORN, AND THE TWO FIGURES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY MATCH WITS WITH THE "BEAK" IN SPINE-TINGLING ADVENTURE!!



STEVE ROGERS AND BUCKY BARNES ARE ON THEIR WAY BACK TO CAMP AFTER ENJOYING A SHORT PASS IN THE CITY...

LET'S HURRY, CAP, I'M HUNGRY!

PATIENCE KID!



AND IN A CAR A SHORT WAY UP THE ROAD, WE MEET "THE BEAK" NOTORIOUS THIEF, WITH HIS KILLER MOB...

WE SHOULD OVERTAKE HIM ANY MOMENT! I WANT A SHORT SNAPPY JOB DONE ON HIM AND DON'T FORGET HIS LUNCH BOX!



... A FEW MOMENTS LATER... THE TWO GROUPS MEET...

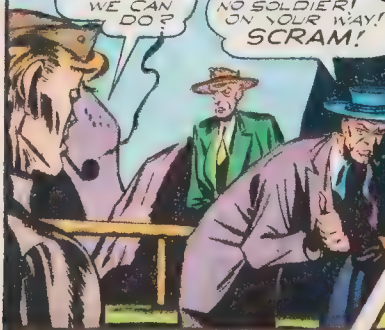
THAT CAR'S HAVING MOTOR TROUBLE!

PERHAPS WE CAN HELP!



ANYTHING WE CAN DO?

NO SOLDIER! ON YOUR WAY! SCRAM!



FINE WAY TO ANSWER AN OFFER OF HELP! I'D LIKE TO PASTE...

NEVER MIND, LAD!



ONCE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE PARKED CAR AROUND THE BEND, STEVE COMES TO A SUDDEN STOP...

HEY STEVE...
WHAT'S
THE BIG
DEAR?

HURRY STEVE!
WE'RE SWITCH-
ING ROLES!
THERE'S SOME-
THING FUNNY
GOING ON THERE!

MOMENTS LATER..IT IS CAPTAIN AMERICA AND BUCKY WHO RACE BACK IN THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH THEY HAD JUST COME.....

LET'S CUT ACROSS
THIS FIELD, KID!

RIGHT!

TO COME UPON THE THREE THUGS STRIPPING A BODY...

CAPTAIN AMERICA!

GULP!

SURPRISED IN-TO MOM-ENTARY IN-ACTIVITY BY THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF CAP AND BUCKY... THE THUGS ARE CAUGHT FLATFOOTED...

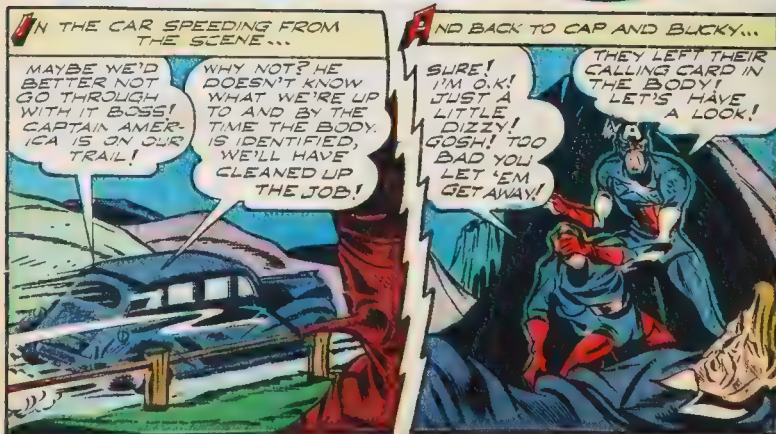
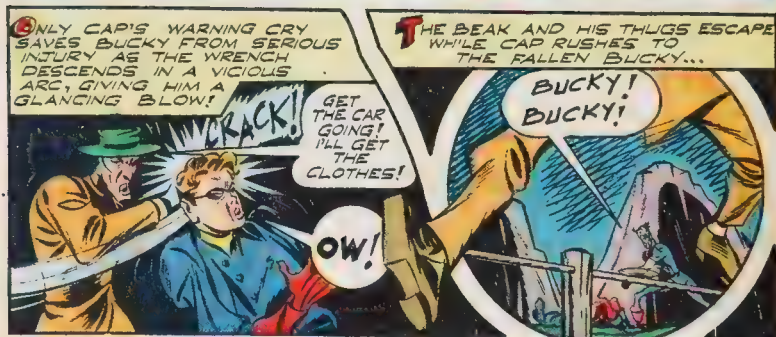
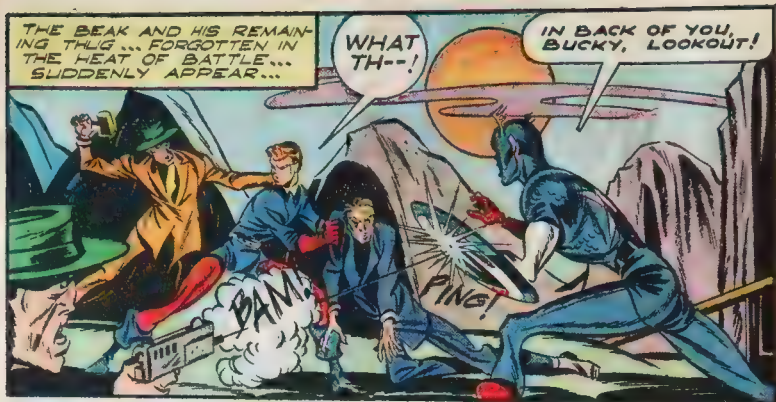
YOW!

WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

UGH!

POW!

POW!

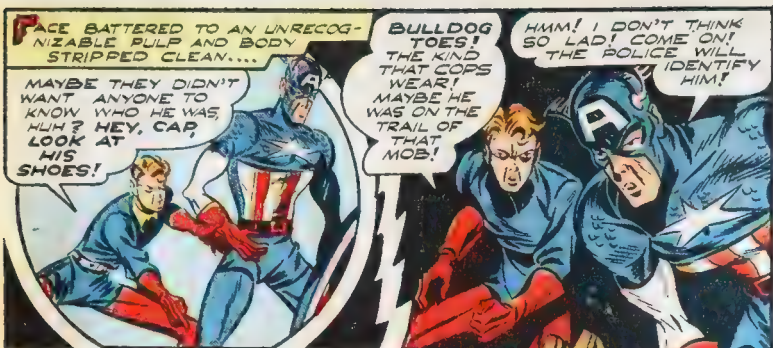


FACE BATTERED TO AN UNRECOGNIZABLE PULP AND BODY STRIPPED CLEAN....

MAYBE THEY DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW WHO HE WAS, HUH? HEY, CAP, LOOK AT HIS SHOES!

BULLDOG TOES! THE KIND THAT COPS WEAR! MAYBE HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF THAT MOB!

HMM! I DON'T THINK SO LAD! COME ON! THE POLICE WILL IDENTIFY HIM!



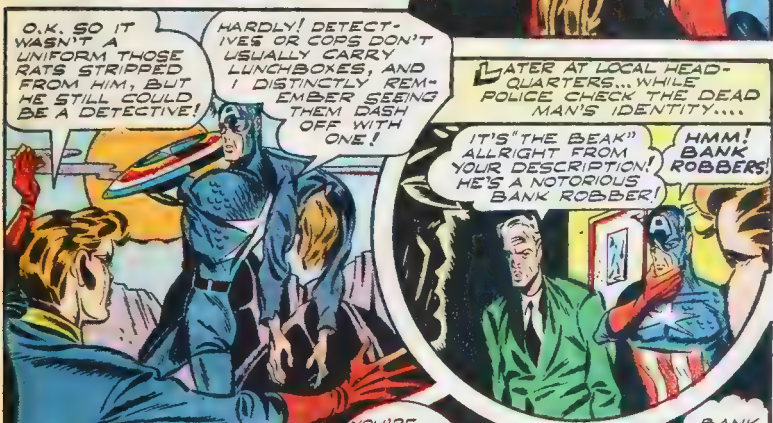
O.K. SO IT WASN'T A UNIFORM THOSE RATS STRIPPED FROM HIM, BUT HE STILL COULD BE A DETECTIVE!

HARDLY! DETECTIVES OR COPS DON'T USUALLY CARRY LUNCHBOXES, AND I DISTINCTLY REMEMBER SEEING THEM DASH OFF WITH ONE!

LATER AT LOCAL HEAD-QUARTERS... WHILE POLICE CHECK THE DEAD MAN'S IDENTITY....

IT'S "THE BEAK" ALLRIGHT FROM YOUR DESCRIPTION! HE'S A NOTORIOUS BANK ROBBER!

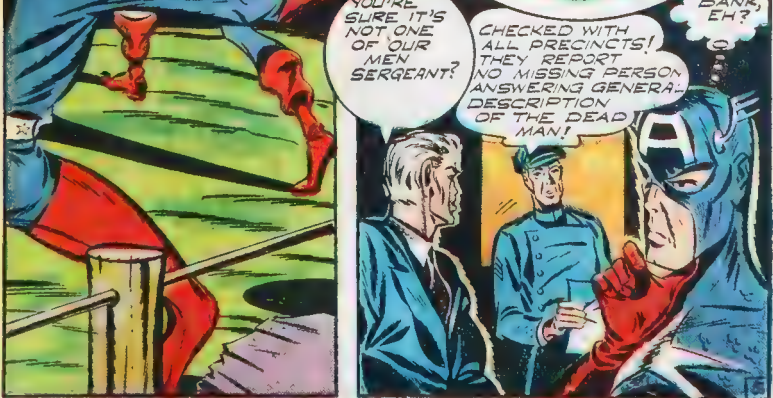
HMM! BANK ROBBERS!



YOU'RE SURE IT'S NOT ONE OF OUR MEN SERGEANT?

CHECKED WITH ALL PRECINCTS! THEY REPORT NO MISSING PERSON ANSWERING GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE DEAD MAN!

BANK, EH?





(GROAN)...ALL WE HAVE TO WORK WITH IS A BODY OF A MIDDLE AGED MAN WEARING BULLDOG SHOES!

NOT FORGETTING THE LUNCH BOX!

YES LAD! SOMETHING A POLICEMAN DOESN'T CARRY BUT A BANK WATCHMAN DOES!

BANK WATCHMAN? I'M GOING TO CHECK!



HE MAY BE A RETIRED COP! THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THE SHOES!

LOTS OF THEM WORK IN BANKS!

YES! AND A BANK JOB WOULD TIE IN WITH THE "BEAKS" PRESENCE IN THESE PARTS!

PUZZLED CAP AND BUCKY LEAVE HEADQUARTERS



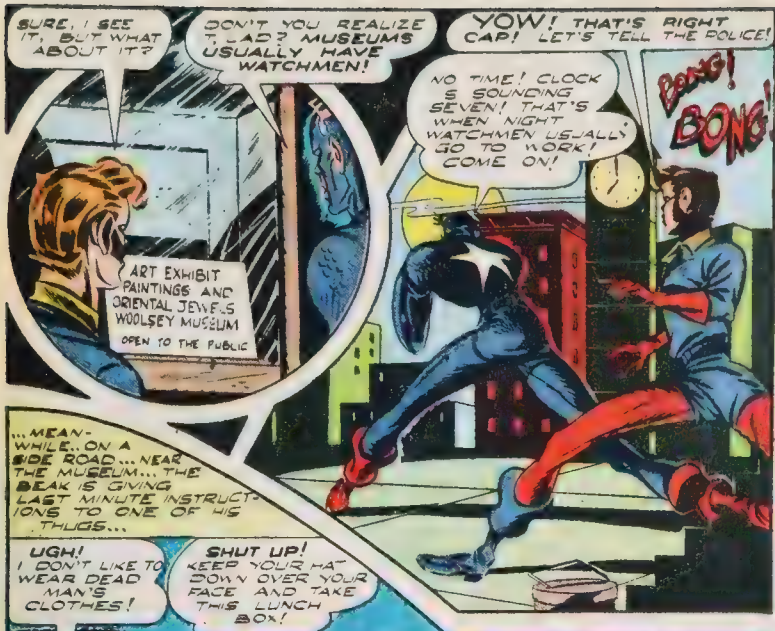
...BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER...THE CLUE PETERS OUT...

CHECKED EVERY BANK WITHIN A RADIUS OF TWO HUNDRED MILES! EVERY GUARD AND WATCHMAN ACCOUNTED FOR!

(GROAN)
O.K.
THANKS!!

WE'VE GOT ONE CONSOLATION! THE "BEAK" WON'T GET FAR WITH A POLICE DRAG-NET OUT FOR HIM!

WAIT, BUCKY, LOOK AT THAT POSTER IN THE WINDOW!



...THEN... AS THE GRUMBLING
DAY WATCHMAN ANSWERS
THE DOOR...

FIVE MINUTES LATE AGAIN,
WHY CAN'T YOU...?



HEY! YOU'RE
NOT...!
UGH!

WORKED
LIKE A CHARM!
NOW TO
LET THE
BOSS IN!



MINUTES LATER...

AND THAT'S
THAT!



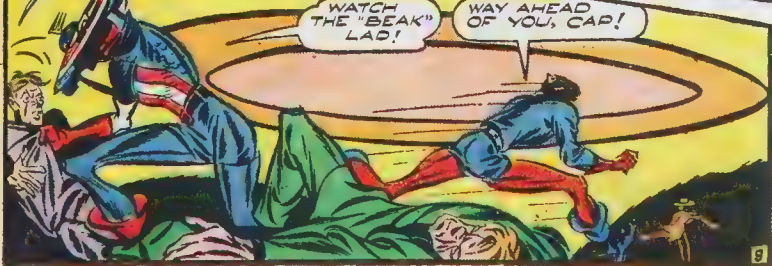
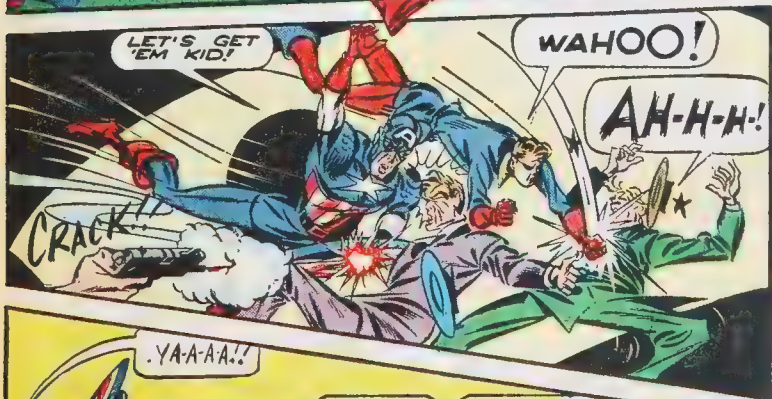
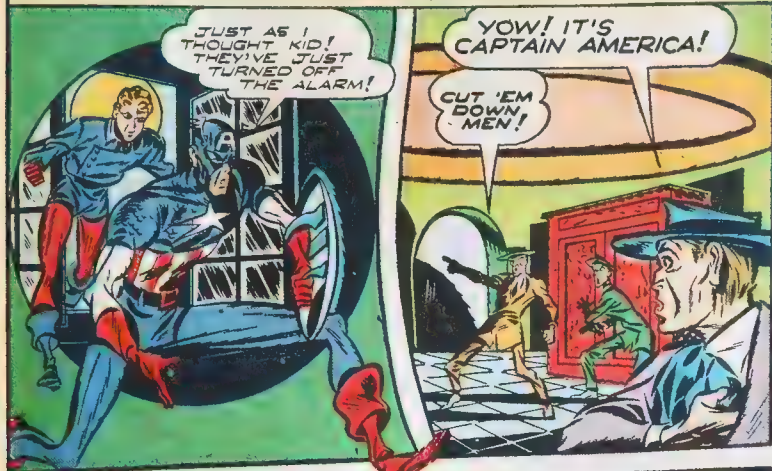
FIND THE
MAIN ALARM
SWITCH,
BOSS?

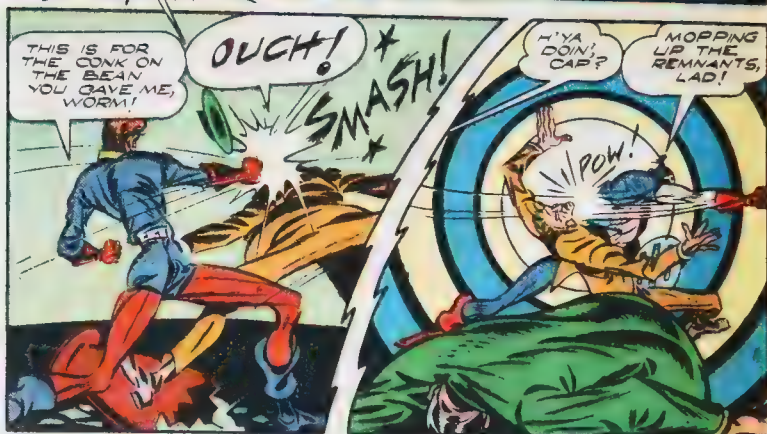
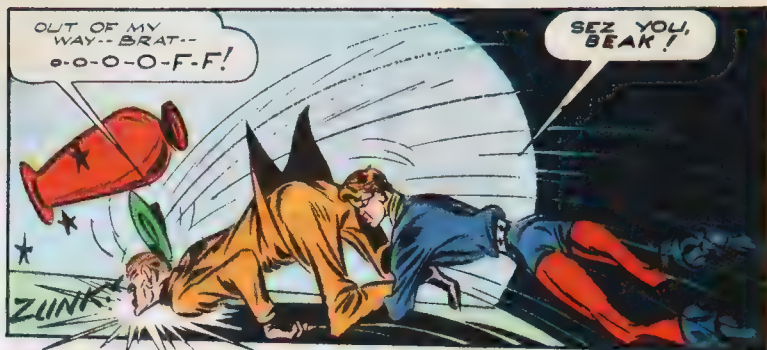


SURE! I DIDN'T 'CASE' THIS JOINT
FOR THREE WEEKS FOR NOTHING!
NOW WE CAN CLEAN OUT THE
PLACE AT LEISURE!



BUT THE TURNING OFF OF THE ALARM SWITCH PROVES THE "BEAKS" UNDOING... ENABLING CAP AND BUCKY TO BURST IN ON THEM WITHOUT WARNING...





A PRINCE OF A GUY

IT WAS bad enough being stuck in the middle of nowhere. But the calamity of having a mutt added to his worries was almost too much for Big Bill Raynes.

"First this hunk of junk goes bloolie," Big Bill grumbled under his breath, blue eyes peering out from beneath yellow hair at the somewhat battered plane. "Then," he continued, "I've got to play nurse to a mutt. Somebody would pick this trip to send a dog home for the kids!"

The mutt approached, squirming ingratiatingly on his belly, puppy-fashion. "Git up," Bill growled disgustedly. "I don't like dogs nohow. Never did. Can't see what they're good for. Come on, git up."

Bill had a rough idea where he was. Which was near the foot of the coastal range, toward which he had been flying freight. The plane had rebelled at the last big push, and Bill had been forced to glide back to the valley. Now the motor was dead as a door-nail, and Port Chester a week's hike over the foothills.

"Okay," the big man growled. "Come on, mutt."

It took the better part of the afternoon to select what Big Bill figured he would need most. Grub was the main item. Reluctantly he added a rifle. Big Bill figured his weight and breadth, both over accentuated, were insurance against any eventuality. A compass completed his equipment. He made up two packs, one for himself, one for the mutt.

"You carry your share," Bill informed the dog, "or shift for yourself. Let's go!"

BY SUNDOWN Bill was tired and hungry. Supper was brief. Evening brought a definite chill and after heaping the fire with wood, Bill wrapped himself in his blanket and lay down. His last waking memory was of the mutt, moving uneasily about.

"Hang it all, lie down," Bill grunted sleepily. "You're like an old woman, walking the floor. Go lie down."

The mutt finally complied. Or so Bill thought. At any rate slumber finally blotted out the faint whisper of the dog's uneasy snooping.

For how long Bill wasn't quite sure. But he

awoke suddenly, aware of the sound of the mutt's warning growl close to his head.

It was unexpectedly dark. Bill sat up, one hand reaching for the rifle. He levered a shell into the chamber, aware of the dog at his shoulder, body trembling excitedly—

And as he peered into the impenetrable blanket of blackness, Big Bill saw the eyes glaring back at him; yellowish eyes that seemed to reflect a malicious, angry light. They disappeared, only to flame on again like smoldering candle tips—

Big Bill snapped the rifle to his shoulder and fired. The splintering sound of the shot echoed off into the woods, bringing after it an unnatural stillness. The eyes were gone. The mutt launched himself as if from a catapult.

"Come back here, you blasted fool!" Bill roared, untangling himself frantically from the blanket. "Hey—"

The dog came back, hair still bristling. Hurriedly Big Bill heaped wood on the fire. Carrying a flaming pine knot, he advanced toward the woods where he had seen the eyes. But there was nothing there now.

"Good thing one of us woke up in time," Bill growled. "Sure looks like it ain't healthy to sleep around these parts!"

ONCE more it was afternoon. Bill Raynes looked down into the lush valley. From the knoll it seemed peaceful and friendly.

Bill had set up camp near a stream. He was going down for water for coffee and a wash-up when it happened. There had been no sound, nothing he could see to warn of danger. He had reached the stream when the elderberry bushes exploded, emitting a black avalanche. It was upon them almost before Bill realized, with a startled yell, that it was a bear. Probably had been feeding upon the elderberries. . . .

Big Bill departed for camp. Behind him he heard the excited yapping of the mutt. Breathless, Bill Raynes reached camp, snatched up the rifle and plunged back down hill.

In the clearing bordering the stream, the mutt and the bear were maneuvering. Big Bill yanked the rifle to his shoulder and fired. He was excited. He knew he missed. But the

sound of the shot was effective, for the black thunderbolt straightened out with a rush, that carried it back into the bushes. A short time later the sound of its crashing progress died out in the distance.

"Doggone," Big Bill barked jerkily. "Come on, mutt. Let's get out of here before something else happens."

The next day was clouded. By the middle of the morning rain had begun to fall. By noon it was a steady down-pour.

The trail led above a gorge. Bill's head had been bowed into the slanting rain, his eyes narrowed beneath the brim of his sodden hat. The mutt was at his heels. . . .

Without warning his feet flew from beneath him, as the soaked earth of the trail gave away beneath his weight, and he was plunging through space toward the gorge below.

His body twisted and turned with the impact of his rushing fall. He struck the bottom with a crash, his head glancing off a stone. Slowly blackness rolled over him. He was conscious of sharp pain stabbing up through his foot and ankle. In an agonized last thought he knew he'd twisted his leg coming down.

The blackness was complete then.

SLOWLY Big Bill Raynes opened his eyes. Something was tugging at him vigorously.

He could only lie there, aware of the slashing cut of rain against his face, the pain from his ankle.

He realized that the mutt had dragged him from the stream. Big Bill got to hands and knees and crawled groggily forward. The mutt helped. Further along the stream the bank leveled off. Bill dragged himself to the edge of the woods, sagged forward in a daze.

Later his mind cleared. He pushed the pain out of his big body and sat up. His ankle was already several sizes too big. The supplies were lost, the compass shattered.

Unwelcome realization brought home the fact that his predicament was serious; a life and death proposition, with his chances of escape narrowed to the n-th degree.

THE mutt now exhibited a growing unrest.

He came over to Big Bill frequently, nosing at him, whining and trying to lick his face. "Beat it!" Big Bill snarled through his pain. "What the blazes do you think this is? Ain't it bad enough—"

The mutt retired. Slowly Bill's thoughts cleared. He might just as well be caught in the

jaws of an indomitable trap, so completely beaten was he.

He peered quickly about him through blood-shot, pain ridden eyes. "Hey," he cried hoarsely. "Hey. MUTT—"

The sound of the rain and the wind muffled his voice, thrusting it back at him. Slowly he huddled back against the trunk of a tree.

The dog was gone!

It was Big Bill's own fault. He had chased him. Perhaps the animal was smart enough to realize the situation was hopeless. He would save himself. But Bill. . . .

"Left here to die," Big Bill choked. "Yeah, I'll die. I can't help myself—"

Later he tried to get a spark from the matches, but they were sodden, useless and he finally discarded them savagely.

There was no shelter. The pain in his leg was creeping deeper and deeper into his big body. He cowered back against the side of a tree, aware then of unfamiliar fear sweeping him. He was alone. He would die. No one would ever find him!

NIGHT came and fever brought unnatural warmth to his body. By midnight the sound of the wind, the steady slash of rain against his face, through his soaking clothes, was blotting out before something new and unreal. It was as if nothing existed; pain and fear, the storm, even himself. Ah, he must be dying. . . .

It was then he heard the voices, saw the light bobbing through the darkness toward him. He cried out hoarsely, and a second later a dark shape whipped out of the night. A dog whined and licked his face.

"You . . . mutt," Bill whimpered.

And lay back, dimly conscious of the trembling body of the friendly dog beside him, as if offering protection.

A voice said gruffly, "Okay, mister. Just take it easy."

The rain was gone then. They had stretched something over him. There was light. Even a faint glow of warmth seemed to rool over Bill's tired body.

"Your dog reached our camp a couple of miles away," the same voice explained. "Made such a devilish fuss we figured something was wrong and came along . . . smart mutt, mister."

"Mutt?" Bill Raynes said through clenched teeth. "Mutt . . . nothing. His name is . . . is . . . Prince." And as an after thought Big Bill added gently, "He's a swell guy, too!"

THE END

The

WHAZZZ?



OUT OF THE WORKSHOP OF A MYSTERIOUS DR. THROTTLE
ZOOMS THE METEOR III -- FASTEST CAR IN THE WORLD!
WHAT CAN STOP IT'S DEVASTATION? WHO CAN STOP IT -
EXCEPT JACK ROBINSON, BETTER KNOWN AS THE
WHIZZER, AMERICA'S MASTER OF SPEED, WHO CHALL-
ENGES THE CUNNING OF DR. THROTTLE AND HIS

" METEOR III

SOMEWHERE IN THE FLATLANDS OF UTAH, A RADIUM-DRIVEN SPEEDCAR IS GIVEN ITS TRIAL RUN--AND IN THE WORKSHOP OF ITS CREATOR...

OVER SIX HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR, FLASH! WITH THAT SPEED WE NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT PLANES! WE'LL BE MILES AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF OUR CRIMES BEFORE THE SURVIVORS CAN SEND A TELEGRAM!

ONLY ONE THING WORRIES ME, DR. THROTTLE! THE WHIZZER!

I'VE THOUGHT OF HIM! WE'LL PUT HIM OUT OF THE PICTURE BEFORE WE BEGIN OUR WORK! A LITTLE RACE --- AND HE'LL GET -- SLIGHTLY HURT! HA! HA!

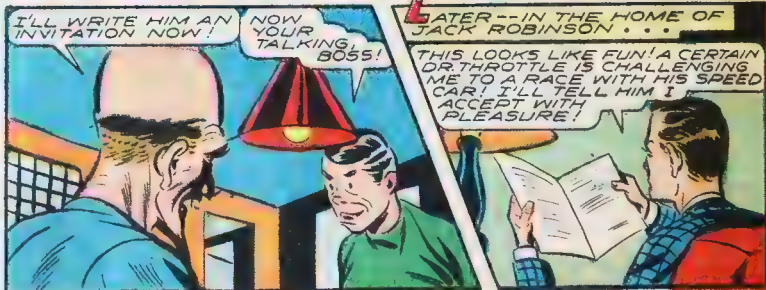


I'LL WRITE HIM AN INVITATION NOW!

NOW YOUR TALKING, BOSS!

LATER--IN THE HOME OF JACK ROBINSON...

THIS LOOKS LIKE FUN! A CERTAIN DR. THROTTLE IS CHALLENGING ME TO A RACE WITH HIS SPEED CAR! I'LL TELL HIM I ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE!



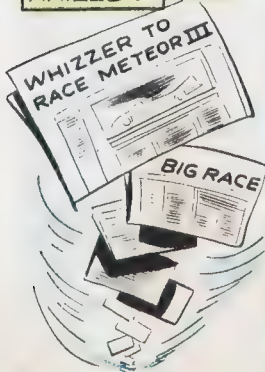
ALL OVER THE NATION THE GREAT SPEED TEST IS MAILED...

THE DAY OF THE BIG RACE ARRIVES...

HERE COMES THE WHIZZER! --- HURRAY!

WE'RE GETTING ON YOU, WHIZZER!

HOWDY FOLKS! LET'S GET STARTED!





S' FUNNY DR. THROTTLE DIDN'T EVEN WANT TO SHAKE HANDS?

ON YOUR MARK! ---GET SET---

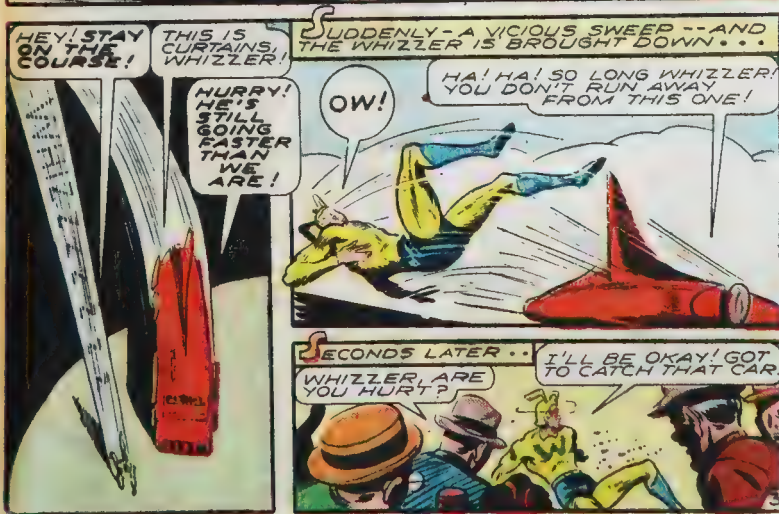
THE TWO SPEED - MARVELS FLASH DOWN THE COURSE...

THAT BUS IS PRETTY FAST, BUT I STILL THINK I'M FASTER!



THIS IS EVEN EASIER THAN I THOUGHT!

OKAY! HANG ON! --- HERE WE GO!



HEY! STAY ON THE COURSE!

THIS IS CURTAINS, WHIZZER!

SUDDENLY - A VICIOUS SWEEP -- AND THE WHIZZER IS BROUGHT DOWN...

HURRY! HE'S STILL GOING FASTER THAN WE ARE!

OW!

HA! HA! SO LONG WHIZZER! YOU DON'T RUN AWAY FROM THIS ONE!

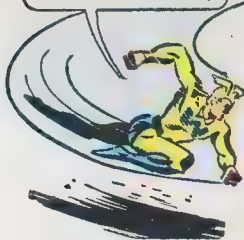
SECONDS LATER...

WHIZZER, ARE YOU HURT?

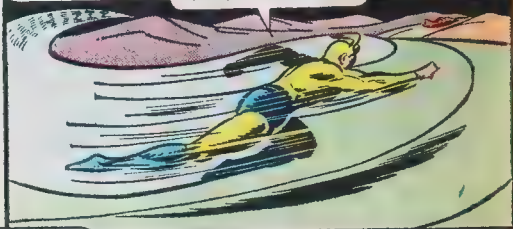
I'LL BE OKAY! GOT TO CATCH THAT CAR.

THE WHIZZER IS OFF ON A TERRIFIC CROSS COUNTRY CHASE . . .

GUESS I'LL TAKE A FEW SHORT CUTS! THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE MINUTE'S START ON ME!



THERE THEY ARE! IF THEY'RE PUTTING ON ALL THEIR SPEED NOW, I'M DOING ALL RIGHT!

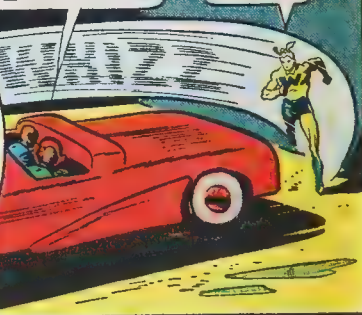


MUST BE DR. THROTTLE'S SECRET WORK SHOP! I THINK I'LL PAY HIM A VISIT!



WHA ---! THE WHIZZER!

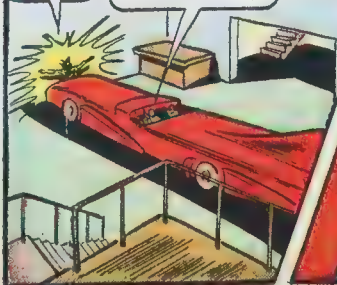
NONE OTHER, DOC!



BUT LIGHTNING FAST, THE METEOR III LEAPS FORWARD.

OOF!

YOU'RE NOT AS FAST AS YOU THINK, WHIZZER!

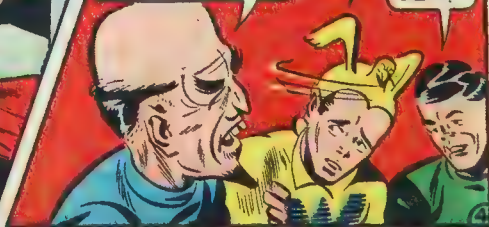


HALF DAZED, THE WHIZZER FINDS HIMSELF A PRISONER . . .

I'M GLAD YOU CAME, WHIZZER! NOW I CAN PUT MY TREADMILL DESIGN TO A TEST! HA-HA!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU'LL FIND OUT!



DR. THROTTLE DISPLAYS
HIS FIENDISH DEVICE . . .

BEHOLD YOUR DOOM,
WHIZZER! CHAINED TO
THIS MACHINE YOU'LL
GO MAD IN TWENTY-FOUR
HOURS --- BECAUSE, YOU
SEE, THE BELT TURNS
AS FAST AS YOU CAN RUN!

REALLY!

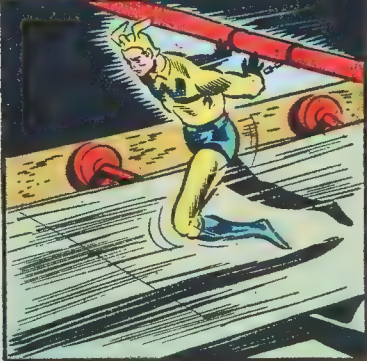
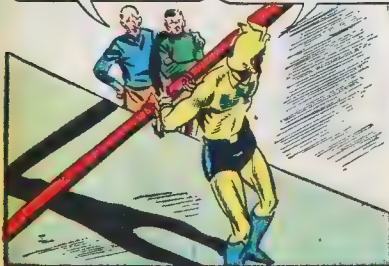
AND WHILE
YOU DIE HERE,
WE'LL BE OFF TO
THE DRUMMAN
AIRCRAFT FAC-
TORY TO REPLEN-
ISH OUR RADIUM
FUEL, WHICH IS
RUNNING LOW!

IF YOU
THINK
YOU CAN
RAID THAT
PLACE,
YOU'VE
ANOTHER
GUESS
COMING!

GETTING THE
RADIUM IS
ONLY THE
BEGINNING!
WITH FUEL
FOR THE
METEOR, WE
CAN STEAL -
KIDNAP,
AND NO ONE
WILL CATCH US!

IT SOUNDS
GOOD, THROT-
TLE, BUT YOU
HAVEN'T DONE
IT YET! AND
YOU WON'T --
IF MY NAME'S
THE
WHIZZER!

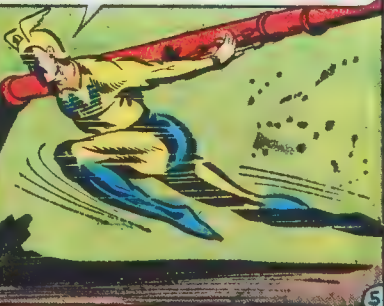
VAINLY THE WHIZZER
STRIVES TO BREAK HIS
CHAINS . . .



FINALLY, AS THE
WHIZZER TRIES
TO STOP . . .

GETTING TIRED!
---OUCH!

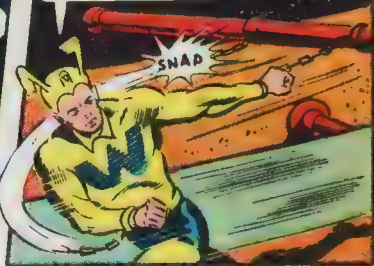
I JUST HEARD THEIR CAR
START! I'VE GOT TO BREAK
FREE! IT'S NOW OR NEVER!
GOT TO BURN UP THESE BELTS!



GRADUALLY, THE HIGH FRICTION
CREATES FLAME BENEATH:
THE WHIZZER'S FEET ...

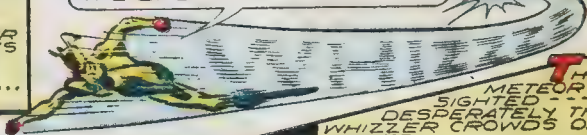
(GASP) (GASP) I THINK I ---
CAN DO IT ---

THERE GOES ONE OF THE
CHAINS! NOW FOR
THE OTHER!



SECONDS
LATER --
THE
MIGHTY
WHIZZER
STREAKS
FROM
THE
CAVE ...

WHEW! NOW FOR A RACE TO
THE DRUMMAN FACTORY!

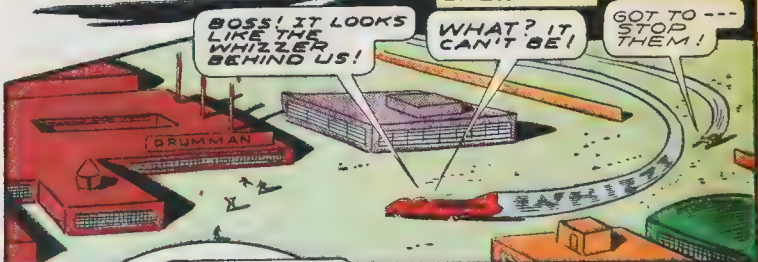


THE
METEOR IS
SIGHTED ---
DESPERATELY
THE
WHIZZER CROWDS ON
SPEED ...

BOSS! IT LOOKS
LIKE THE
WHIZZER
BEHIND US!

WHAT? IT
CAN'T BE!

GOT TO ---
STOP
THEM!



AAAGH!

BRAKE DOWN,
THROTTLE!
THIS IS YOUR
LAST STOP!

SCREEECH!

SCREEECH!

GOSH, WHIZZER,
THAT CAR WOULD
HAVE GONE
RIGHT THROUGH
THE FACTORY!
IF YOU HADN'T
STOPPED IT!
--- WHO ARE
THESE GUYS?

JUST TWO
RATS LESS
IN AMERICA!
TURN 'EM
OVER TO
YOUR GUARDS!
TELL 'EM
THEY'RE
PRESENTS
FROM THE
WHIZZER!



THE END.

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